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Hans Christian Andersen.

EUSTACE CULLINAN.

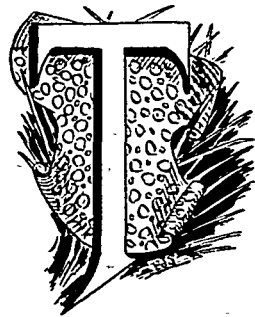
INTO the children's kingdom by the sea,
Whereon the journey to this fair world lies,
A wizard came, his banners to the skies,
And in his train bold knights of high degree
And beauteous dames, fit themes for minstrelsy,
The objects of full many a lover's sighs;
While all the splendor dear to childhood's eyes
Was gathered in that gorgeous pageantry.

Then laid the wizard siege to all the land,
And threw on all the citizens a spell;
Then gave he Fancy to them for a queen,
And he and Fancy live there hand in hand,
And ever since have ruled that kingdom well,
Beloved as no others e'er have been.

Three Great Poets.

I.

JOHN KEATS.



HE publication of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one profound passion and a premature death," thus Lord Houghton epitomizes the life of one of England's sweetest and most tender poets—John Keats.

His days were few, and they were darkened by the clouds of bitter prejudice, and by a fierce passion which preyed upon his very soul. It is true that his poems cannot rank with the masterpieces of our language; they are only slight evidences of the power which was his; they are but the prelude to what he would have

done had not his life been ended in its prime. And yet, despite the severe criticism to which it has been subjected, his poetry, from the day of his death to the present time, has held its place in the hearts of the English-speaking world.

Lord Houghton says that Keats "was born in the upper ranks of the middle class." His maternal grandfather was the proprietor of large livery stables on the Pavement of Moorfields, London. The poet's father was a groom in this establishment, and he married his master's daughter. John was the second of four children. He was born Oct. 29, 1795. In 1804, when Keats was but nine years old, his father was killed by a fall from a horse. His mother was eager that her children should receive a good education, and the possibility of John's attending Harrow was at one time warmly debated. Fortunately this was decided to be too expensive, and he was sent to the school of a Mr. Clarke, at Enfield. Here it was that he met Charles Cowden Clarke, who first gave an impetus to his poetical tendencies, and who remained his firm friend to the end.

At school he was very studious and very pugnacious. An uncle of his had distinguished himself at Camperdown, and John was determined to uphold the family reputation. In this he was so successful that his comrades thought he would one day become a great general. He applied himself diligently to his books, and several times won a medal offered for the greatest amount of work outside the regular course of study. He read greedily; but, strange to say, the books which had the greatest attraction for him were Tooke's "Pantheon," Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary," and Spence's "Polymetis." These were the sources whence

he drew that perfect knowledge of Greek mythology which he used so effectively in later years. He was well acquainted with the "Æneid," but his classical attainments went no farther.

When he left school he was apprenticed to Thomas Hammond, an apothecary residing in Edmonton, which was but a little distance from Enfield. During the years of his apprenticeship he kept up a constant intercourse with his friends at the old school, and it was during this period that his poetic faculty began to develop and show itself. He made good progress in medicine; but, as might be suspected, he devoted to the writing of verses many hours which should have been bestowed upon the study of anatomy.

When Keats went up to walk the London hospitals his friend, Charles Cowden Clarke, who had preceded him, introduced him to many men of letters, and among them Leigh Hunt. The famous journalist took a lively interest in Keats, and did his utmost to stimulate him and spur him on to nobler things. This friendship of Hunt's was rather a stumbling-block to the poet, for Hunt's enemies immediately became the foes of his friend.

Surrounded by this little circle of fellow-workers, Keats wrote almost continuously and in 1817 his first volume, called "Miscellaneous Poems," appeared. Shortly afterwards he went to the Isle of Wight and there began "Endymion." This, his first long poem, was published the next year, and it was greeted by a perfect storm of abuse. The review, written by Gifford for the *Quarterly*, is generally assigned as the cause of his death. That such a bitter attack should make a deep impression upon a soul as sensitive as Keats, was only natural, no doubt; but that it killed him cannot for a moment be entertained as true. He writes to his publishers: "I cannot but feel indebted to those gentlemen who have taken my part. But praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on himself. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could inflict. Also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine."

Blackwood's Magazine sneered at the "half starved apothecary," as it was pleased to call him, and bade him go back to his gallipots. Lord Byron was as brutal as either of these

magazines in condemning his fellow poet. When Lord Jeffrey made a plea for Keats by saying that his poems were "at least as full of genius as of absurdity," Byron exclaimed that he no longer valued the praise of his fellowmen when he must share it with such a creature. "Flay him alive," he writes to Gifford of the *Quarterly*; "if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manakin!" This savage cruelty could not fail to cut deep into the heart of Keats; but he bore it with manliness, and endeavored to make men forget it by producing verse which these critics could not but recognize as the work of a great poet. As to his success, there is no question, and the cowardly reviewers of *Blackwood's* and the *Quarterly* are now remembered only by the attacks they made upon "Endymion."

These severe criticisms were by no means the hardest blows which Keats received during the year of "Endymion's" publication. He was destined to endure far greater sufferings. While visiting at the house of his friend, Mr. Brown, he met a young lady to whom he was first attracted as towards "a Charmian," "a leopardess," but whom he soon came to love with all the passionate ardor of his soul. With him matrimony was an impossibility. His health was undermined, his profession had been abandoned, his little fortune was gone, and his consumptive brother Tom required his constant attention. He thus went on loving in a hopeless sort of way, and caring for his brother until, in December, Tom died. In that of his brother he must have seen his own inevitable end. These two events, the death of his brother and his despairing love for the "leopardess," added to his inordinate ambition and his apparent failure, were the causes of the lingering illness which closed his life.

"Hyperion" was begun in the next year, and, in rapid succession his great poems now appeared. But in the autumn of 1820, his friends recognized that his broken health would not allow him to pass another winter in England, and it was resolved to send him to Italy. In September, heart-broken at leaving the land of his beloved, he set sail for Naples, never to return. The remaining days of his life were spent in a battle with despair and death. The woman whom he adored and whom he had left in England was ever in his thoughts; the pitiful letters he sent home at this time show well the distracted state of his mind. At last the end came. Severn, his artist friend who had

accompanied him to Italy, describes his death thus:

"FEBRUARY 27.

"He is gone; he died with the most perfect ease; he seemed to go to sleep. On the 23d, at four, the approaches of death came on. 'Severn, I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy, don't be frightened—be firm and thank God it has come.' I lifted him up in my arms. About eleven he gradually sank; so quiet that I thought he slept."

He was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. His head-stone bears the inscription which he himself desired:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

His friend Shelley raised an eternal monument to him in his "Adonais," which was published a half year after Keats' death. And the year had scarcely passed before Shelley's dust was mingled with that of Keats.

Spenser, Shelley and Keats have been called the poets of the poets. Of all the poets they are the most poetical. Keats had the mind of a Greek rather than that of an Englishman. He loved to leave the toil and sorrow of his own day behind and dream of the Grecian myths, of gods and goddesses, of Mount Olympus and the glades and dells of ancient Greece. He prized Homer more than any other book. His own longer poems touch upon this Greek mythology. "Endymion" is the story of a shepherd seeking an immortal maiden whom he loves, but whom he is not perfect enough to see. His wanderings and labors before he is snatched from earth is the subject of the poem. We lose sight of the rustic lover in the beauty of the descriptions which the poem contains. Its fault is that it is too extravagant, too exuberant of epithets and figures of speech. One word seemed to suggest another until his fancy ran riot. It opens with the famous passage:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

Of all the beautiful things in Keats' poems this is probably the best known.

"Hyperion" treats of the dethroning of Saturn. It is but a fragment which was never completed. Keats gave as a reason for not finishing it that it contained too many Miltonic inversions. Lord Byron, the man who was so anxious to flay Keats when "Endymion" was published, says: "His fragment of 'Hyperion' seems actually inspired by the Titans, and is as sublime as Æschylus." Keats is very uneven

in both of these works. There are passages that are very strong and of great beauty; but still there are others which only his great and vivid imagination could keep from becoming monotonous. His other poems of any length are "The Pot of Basil," written in answer to the attack made on him in the *Quarterly*; "The Eve of St. Agnes," a very beautiful poem, the subject of which is treated in a very delicate and masterly manner, and the story of "Lamia."

But it is by his odes and sonnets that Keats will live. If he had never written anything else he would be worthy to be classed with our greatest poets. His "Ode to a Nightingale" and "Ode on a Grecian Urn" are two of the greatest in our language. "The admirable 'Ode to a Nightingale,'" says Lord Houghton, "was suggested by the continued song of the bird that, in the spring of 1819, had built her nest close to the house, and which often threw Keats into a sort of trance of tranquil pleasure. One morning he took his chair from the breakfast table, placed it on the grass-plot under a plum tree, and sat there for two or three hours with some scraps of paper in his hands. Shortly afterwards Mr. Brown saw him thrusting them away as waste-paper behind some books, and had considerable difficulty in putting together and arranging the stanzas of the ode." This ode is the earnest outpouring of a heart overflowing with love for nature's music and for peace and solitude. What could be finer than the following stanza:

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn."

The "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is exquisite:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on."

This quotation well applies to his own poems. The tunes he pipes are sweet, but those that he suggests and leaves us to ponder over are far more beautiful.

As a sonneteer Keats is universally recognized as a master. All his sonnets are good, but that "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" is the finest. This was written in his first great bewilderment after having dipped into Homer. His sonnet "On Solitude" is also well done.

"The Grasshopper and the Cricket" was written on a wager with Leigh Hunt. He wrote it in the course of an evening at Leigh Hunt's house. The lines on the grasshopper are especially beautiful. The sonnet "On Leigh Hunt Leaving Prison," besides being the first one he ever wrote, is also among the best.

Poetry was a part of the very existence of Keats. Other men might use it as an occupation or a recreation; with Keats it was life itself. He writes: "I find I cannot exist without eternal poetry. I began with a little, but habit has made me a leviathan. I had become all in a tremble from not having written anything of late. The sonnet overleaf did me good; I slept the better last night for it." He was very impetuous and impulsive. When he had finished any work he wished to rush it into print, in order to get it off his hands that he might begin at something else. He himself expresses well his state of mind in a letter to his publishers: "I. S. is perfectly right in regard to the 'slip-shod "Endymion."'" That it is so is no fault of mine! No, though it may sound a little paradoxical, it is as good as I had power to make it myself. Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written. I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*; I will write independently *with judgment* hereafter. The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law or precept. That which is creative must create itself. In 'Endymion' I leapt headlong into the sea, and have become better acquainted with surroundings, quicksands, rocks than if I had stayed at home, piped a safe pipe, taken tea and comfortable advice. I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not (try to) be among the greatest."

His ambition was great. He wished to be among the foremost poets. He wrote to his brother in America that he thought he would be, after death, one of the English poets. He seems to have lost hope, however, when he was about to die. In the bitterness of his heart over his sad fate he wrote his famous epitaph. If he could but return to the earth to-day he would find his fondest hopes realized, and the tongues and pens of the whole English-speaking world would unite in doing him honor, and atone for his sad lot while he was still in the flesh.

DANIEL P. MURPHY.

II.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



IN this age of discovery and inventions, poetry receives little attention from the public. The man of the nineteenth century, restless and progressive, seldom passes his recreation in a literary way; and when he does, it is in reading a newspaper or a popular novel. The age when the great mass of the people read a book for style or for deep thought is almost past. Thus it is that some of our classics, and more especially our great poets and their works, are seldom spoken of outside the class-room. Still there are times when a man wants something in accordance with his particular mood—something to console him in misfortune, to comfort him in sorrow, or to counsel him in doubt—and then he instinctively turns to the works of a poet.

William Wordsworth was born in the spring of 1770, in the rugged highlands of Cumberland, and belongs to that group of poets which ushered in the present century. He was the founder of the "Lake School" of poetry, in which Coleridge and Southey were his fellow-members. No other English author has been the subject of more discussion among critics than he; nor has any other poet, either great or minor, remained so long without having his place in literature determined. His poetry has passed through two phases of criticism; on the one hand his admirers bestow on him the highest praise, and place him on an equality with the greatest of the English poets; on the other his critics consider only his defects, his mannerisms, and decide that his poetry is merely mechanical verse without feeling, passion or strength. If we would reconcile these two opinions we must not forget that he tried to effect a reformation in English poetry, and that some critics supported him, while others disapproved of any change. At the present time he is rated with the greatest of our poets, and some of his verses are considered to be the best of their kind in the language.

Wordsworth spent his early school days at Hawkshead, which is in the most picturesque district in England. The beauty of the lakes, the mountains and the surrounding country exercised a powerful influence upon his youthful mind, and developed that sense of the beautiful which he possessed in an unusual degree. As he says in "The Prelude," he spent many of his hours of recreation in rambling

over the mountains and rowing on the lakes in the neighborhood.

Wordsworth left Hawkshead when he was eighteen years of age, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where his life was quiet and uneventful. When he had taken his degree, he visited France, then on the eve of the Revolution. At first he saw only the bright side of this uprising of a people oppressed for centuries; saw only the struggle for liberty and the good which was effected; but the horrors of the first mad days of that Reign of Terror opened his eyes to the cruelty and fierce brutality of the populace whose cause he had espoused, and, unable to take part in such scenes of bloodshed and murder, he fled to England and began the tranquil life of a country gentleman who was also a poet.

Wordsworth was too fond of verse, and his best poetry is very often obscured by work of an inferior nature. The good impression made by one line is nearly always spoiled by the number of poor ones succeeding it. To estimate rightly his merits as a poet his works should be freed from these excrescences. He did not produce a single poem which is perfect throughout, but he has very many passages which are peerless for music, sweetness and all the other characteristics of poetry.

He protested against the elegance of the language of his contemporaries, and contended that the poet's diction should be the same as that of a writer of prose. He thought that his mission was to teach the common people, and held that the poet should treat of the humblest subjects in the simplest possible language. Resting on these principles he published, in 1798, his "Lyrical Ballads." They were received with general derision; for, while protesting against what he considered a fault, he went to the other extreme, and the simplicity which he desired too often degenerated into triviality. Accordingly we have a series of affecting poems like "Peter Bell," "The Sailor's Mother," and "The Idiot Boy"; one of which, in describing a blind boy's adventures at sea, begins:

"In such a vessel ne'er before
Did human creature leave the shore."

These poems, though laughed at by the critics, brought fame to their author; but they alone would never have placed him among our greatest poets. Some of them, "We are Seven," "Alice Fell," and "Lucy Gray," are household poems, and it is owing largely to them that he holds such a warm place in the hearts of Englishmen.

Wordsworth was the author of many odes and short lyrical and narrative poems, all of which have different degrees of merit. They have not the bold simplicity of his early poems, nor the intense feeling and lofty themes of his later ones. They are the production of that period of his life when he had ceased to write the ballad, but had not yet decided to treat philosophical subjects. The best of them are "Yarrow Revisited" and "Ode on Intimations of Immortality." The latter is an outburst of the highest poetry. Its diction is faultless, and its feeling is deep and true. Whoever has fond remembrances of the past can appreciate these lines:

"There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

"The Prelude" was published in the latter part of his life. It is long and of a philosophical nature. It contains many verses which are not poetical, and but few passages which are noted for sweetness and beauty. The language he uses is not always clear, and in some cases verges on obscurity. The poem was the introduction to a contemplated epic, "The Recluse," which was never finished, and of which "The Excursion" was a second part.

"The Excursion" was written "on man, on nature and on human life." Wordsworth sought for an opportunity of exercising his powers of description; so he put this poem in the form of a story. The poet falls in with a Scottish peddler and they walk together comparing notes on nature and man's destiny. The scene is laid in the Highlands of England, and frequent descriptions of their mountains and valleys are introduced. Although these word pictures have no real connection with the story, they are the chief cause of its popularity. The entire poem is a philosophical research, and the final result is summed up in these lines, spoken by the pastor to the poet and his companions:

"Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human, exercised in pain,
In strife and tribulation, and ordained
If so approved and sanctified
To pass through silent rest to endless joy."

But it is upon his sonnets that Wordsworth's claims to immortality chiefly rest. They are, *sui generis*, the work of a master on his chosen ground. Many of them were written upon

passing events, and they do not live because the events themselves are forgotten. The two, "Scorn not the Sonnet," and "To Milton," are among the few great sonnets in the English language, and are destined to live as long as lovers of this form of poetry exist.

In 1803, he was married and retired to Grasmere, where he lived during the rest of his life. Coleridge and Southey settled near him, and they were known as the "Lake School" of poets. This title was first applied contemptuously, but afterwards as a title of honor, and the lake region was made famous by the writings of these three men.

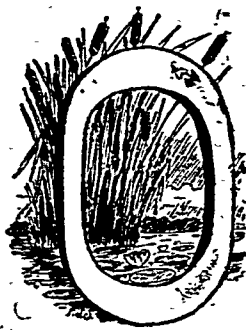
Southey died in 1843, leaving the laureateship vacant, and Wordsworth was appointed to succeed him. This office was conferred on him, not for the duties it involved, but as a mark of the high esteem in which he was held. All the friends and relations of his youth were dead, and his latter life was very quiet. He died in 1850, with all the consolation of a well-spent life, and was buried in the church-yard at Grasmere.

In taking a general view of his life-work, one cannot but feel that the influence which Wordsworth exerted upon English poetry was always for the best. He was ridiculed at first for trying to get rid of the extravagant language so dear to many of his contemporaries; but in the end men saw the wisdom of his theory of English verse, and hastened to accept it. He showed them that the beautiful is not necessarily the rare, and that elegant English is not always the most forcible. He did not oppose the methods in vogue that he might become popular with the masses; he trusted that future generations would judge him and his aims without prejudice and without favor; and surely no one will deny that they are right in naming him among the greatest of the English poets.

ARTHUR P. HUDSON.

III.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



ONE of the sweetest and greatest poets of the nineteenth century was Percy Bysshe Shelley. Cut off in his youth, he did not attain that greatness which would undoubtedly have been his had he lived to a riper age. Dante Gabriel Rossetti does not hesitate to class him with Chaucer, Shakspeare and Milton as one of the

"four sublimest sons of song that England has to boast of among the mighty dead—say rather among the undying, the never-to-die." Nor was Rossetti alone in this belief. Swinburne ranks him as "one who outsang all but two or three poets." Men of far less genius may have become more famous in literary annals, and may have left behind them greater monuments, yet Shelley will always be loved and looked up to by those of his own guild as a poet's perfect model.

On the 4th of August, 1792, near Horsham, Sussex, was born "this poet's poet." His father, Timothy Shelley, a rich country gentleman, was a baronet and a member of the House of Commons. The Shelley family was of great antiquity, tracing its descent from one of the followers of William of Normandy. Early in life young Percy was sent to a public school at Brentford and afterwards to Eton. His life at both places was almost unbearable. He was continually at war with both his instructors and his schoolfellows. With the latter he became very unpopular on account of his determined opposition to the established custom of "fagging."

To his great relief he was soon fitted to enter Oxford. It was at this stage in his life that his literary proclivities were made manifest by the appearance of two short prose romances. It is needless to say that the two youthful romances, and also a book of poems written about the same time, were consigned to oblivion. They were the first weak trials of a young eagle's wings. Having proved to his own satisfaction that there was no God, he wrote a tract called "The Necessity of Atheism," which was at once condemned by the authorities of Oxford; and Shelley, together with a friend, a Mr. Hogg, who ventured to protest in his behalf, was expelled. This series of events was the turning point in his life. Disowned and driven from home by his father, the youthful poet travelled to London where he quickly fell in love with Miss Harriet Westbrook, the daughter of a retired inn-keeper. After a few weeks' courtship the young couple eloped to Edinburgh, and there they were married in 1811.

While in college he had begun his poem, "Queen Mab," which, on publication, was immediately condemned as an atheistical production. After this his works followed each other in rapid succession. Shelley tried his hand at both prose and poetry, but his claim to the title of a great writer rests entirely on his poems. It was now that Shelley's real troubles began.

Growing tired of Harriet, he transferred his affections to another woman, Mary Godwin, with whom he fled to the Continent, where they were married soon after the death of his first wife in 1816.

Having returned to England after his marriage, he wrote "Alastor," the second of his longer poems. In this Shelley undoubtedly drew from his own personal experience, and in none of his subsequent works has he excelled its descriptive passages. Not long after this a new source of misery opened up to him. Having claimed the children of his first wife, the Court of Chancery refused to give them to him, and, instead, entrusted them to his wife's relatives. Enraged at this injustice, Shelley wrote, among others, the following very beautiful stanza:

"By all the happy see in children's growth,
That undeveloped flower of budding years,
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears!"

It was during this struggle that the young poet began the "Revolt of Islam." In it are embodied his loftiest conceptions of self-devotion, endurance and heroism. All through it we find expressed his ardent desire to reform the world. This reform was to do away with God and with civil and moral law. The river voyage at the end of this poem is one of his most finished productions. In versification it is very beautiful and in passages even magnificent. But its great fault is the contempt and abhorrence with which he treats the Christian religion. This was his last work written in England. In 1818 he left his native land, and from that time on his home was in sunny Italy.

In the following year "Rosalind and Helen," a narrative poem, made its appearance. Many of the scenes and incidents, such as the separation of Rosalind from her children, are taken from the poet's own life. Not long after the publication of "Rosalind and Helen" appeared a tragedy, "The Cenci." This is a very powerful and passionate drama, and is considered by Aubrey De Vere to be one of the greatest of the nineteenth century. There is no doubt but that it would be a strong acting play if the plot were not too revolting for a public spectacle. The story is so horrible in itself that the old Cenci seems to be wickedness personified. The picture is dark and gloomy; but in spite of the awful story it tells and the inhuman passion of the old prince, it is the best of the poet's productions. In this poem we

have a strong illustration of his faculty of giving life to inanimate objects:

"I remember,
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul hour after hour
Clings to the mast of life, yet clinging leans,
And leaning makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns; below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns and a bridge
Crosses the chasm; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks from crag to crag,
Cedars and yews and pines whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight and at sunset blackest night."

His next publication was "Julian and Mad-dalo," into which the poet introduces the characters of Byron and himself. It might be called a conversation between two gentlemen, such as he and his friend were wont to carry on. It is in this poem that we find the only instance of true human pathos in Shelley, except that which occurs in the last act of "The Cenci." There was a great similarity in the lives of Shelley and Byron. They were both of noble birth; both held strange opinions, and both had bad reputations. While in Italy they were the closest friends and next door neighbors, and one was rarely seen without the other.

"Prometheus Unbound" is truly a grand conception, and it is thought by some to be Shelley's greatest work. But the vast majority of critics agree in saying that "The Cenci" is the better of the two, although the plot is objectionable. The story was taken from the "Prometheus Unchained" of Æschylus. In the first act we find many beautiful figures, but most of them are borrowed. In the three remaining acts there is much that is too unreal and fanciful for tragic scenes. On reading it we lay down the book with the impression that the parts are not well connected. Yet it cannot be denied that the poem contains many strong and beautiful passages. Prometheus is painted as faultless; but in Æschylus he is just the opposite. Shelley makes him the highest type of moral excellence, since he resists tyranny and loves mankind.

Besides those already mentioned, Shelley

wrote many minor pieces. "The Witch of Atlas" is the most purely fanciful his genius ever produced. "Adonais" is an elegy written on the death of his friend, John Keats. "Hellas" is a lyrical drama founded on the events which were occurring in Greece during its struggle for independence; for Shelley, as well as Byron, was greatly interested in the welfare of that country. Critics, for the most part, agree in saying that his "Ode to a Skylark" and "The Cloud" bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. Not only does the imaginative quality permeate all his works, but they are also very musical, especially in the case of his odes and lyrics. There is no doubt but that the "Ode to a Skylark" is one of the most perfect and most melodious in the English language. What can be more musical than this?

"Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass;
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was

Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

Or,

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

"The Cloud" is less beautiful, but it illustrates in a high degree the wonderful music Shelley could make by interlinking words.

The last poem he ever wrote was "The Triumph of Time," which he left unfinished. While residing in Italy his favorite and almost sole amusement was sailing. One day, in the year 1822, while he was returning from Leghorn in his yacht, *Don Juan*—named after his friend's great poem—the boat was capsized and Shelley, his friend Williams, and a sailor boy were drowned. The three bodies were finally recovered and cremated according to law. The ashes of Shelley were buried in Florence near the grave of John Keats.

Thus, in the spring of life, perished one of the world's greatest geniuses. His premature death has given him beyond all other poets, except Keats, the halo of perpetual youth. The promise of his life was thwarted by his early death. In his latter days few persons were admitted to his presence; but the few friends he had were very near and dear to him. That he was sincere in his opinions and benevolent in his intentions no one can doubt. Had he lived to the age of other men it is probable that he might have modified the dangerous doctrines which were the cause of all his misery. Although his

memory is tarnished with many unpardonable faults, yet he was not as bad a man as some would paint him. He was temperate in all his habits, gentle, affectionate and generous. Naturally impetuous, his actions were controlled by the impulse of the moment. Of his qualities as a poet, we may say with Macaulay that "his poetry seems not to have been an art but an inspiration;" and if we are tempted to blame him for his shortcomings as a man, we might remember that old precept, pagan indeed, but beautiful enough to be Christian: *De mortuis nil, nisi bonum.*

SAMUEL A. WALKER.

The "Dos Pinos" Mine.

ARTHUR V. CORRY.

I.



LD CALVILLO was a very hard task-master at the San Diego mine. The long-abandoned Spanish claim on the Yaqui river yielded immense profits under his watchful supervision. Not a load was raised to the surface but had

been carefully weighed by him. Everyone said that the Governor of Sonora had known what he was about when he made Calvillo his partner.

In a few years Calvillo left the little house of adobe at the mine for a more pretentious one near the Governor's. His family consisted of two daughters, Anita and Maria, and a son, Juan. All the old man's hopes were centred in this boy; it was the height of his ambition to make him a partner in the mine, and to see him some day the Governor of Sonora.

When Juan was eighteen years of age his father decided to send him to a boarding school. He had great respect for the energy and wit of the pioneer Californians, and he selected Santa Clara College in central California, in the hope that there Juan would learn something of the cleverness that was a part of the American nature. Late in August he set out for Guyamas where he was to take a coast steamer for San Francisco. As there were no express companies within a hundred miles, Señor Calvillo gave his son a belt containing

two thousand dollars in gold dust with which he was to pay his expenses at college. Guyamas had hardly faded from the horizon before Juan was accosted by a young man of about twenty-five, who introduced himself as Irwin Gamer, a gentleman travelling for his health. He was a very pleasant talker, and during the ten days of the trip he made himself so agreeable to Juan that he prevailed upon the boy to spend a week in San Francisco in seeing the magic city.

They reached their destination late one Sunday afternoon, and went to the Old Southern Hotel, then in the glory of its early day of splendor. Juan felt indisposed to begin their sight-seeing till the next day, and retired about eight o'clock. Gamer left the hotel and did not return until midnight.

Next day they sallied forth in quest of adventure. Almost the first place that they entered was a long, low building, filled to overflowing with a moving mass of humanity. In bold letters over the entrance were the words: "Helping Hand Meeting House." No, it was not a revival, as might have been inferred, it was merely a gambling house. They passed through the hall and entered one of the rooms where several men were playing poker.

One of the players asked the new-comers to take a hand in the game. Gamer accepted the invitation, but Juan declined. A second player ordered refreshments for the party. Juan was in a predicament. He had either to mortally offend these rough miners or break the pledge he had given his mother. He could not refuse now, as Gamer had ordered a glass of wine for him. He drank it, and soon afterwards became unaccountably drowsy, finally falling asleep. When he awoke next morning he found himself in a dilapidated barn and his money belt gone.

Here he was in a strange city, without friends or money, and supposed to be at school. He could not face disgrace at home, nor could he enter college. His head was heavy from the effects of the drugged wine, but he staggered out into the open air and found that he was some distance from the city with no house near. While he stood, wretched and hungry, pondering as to what course he should take, a freight wagon drove by, and following it came another. It was a wagon train going to Carson City. Why not go with it? He hailed the driver and asked him if he could join. It seems that one of the original party had not reported for duty that morning, thus leaving the work of four men to be done by three. Under these circum-

stances they were very glad to take Juan with them.

Work was plentiful around Carson City, and help of any kind commanded high wages. Juan got a position in one of the mines at Gold Hill, and in a few months he could prospect as well as any of the old-timers. About this time reports reached Gold Hill of the unparalleled wealth of one of the cañons of the Snow Mountains in northern Wyoming. Juan, ever restless and desirous of change, was the first to form a party for the new El Dorado. But they got no farther than central Wyoming, where they were attacked by a wandering tribe of Crow Indians. All in the train, save Juan, were massacred, and he was reserved for a fate worse than death.

The Crows on their journey north were met by a party of the Nez Perces Indians, and in the fight which followed were completely routed. The victors found in the deserted camp two Crow boys, too sick to walk, and Juan, who was tied to a stake. The sub-chief released him and made him accompany the tribe to their village. They were for killing the two Crow boys, but Juan begged for their lives, and they were spared. Juan, even in his captivity, never once gave up hope of finding that famed spot where gold was to be had by merely picking it up.

Early in May the Indians left the village for their summer hunting grounds many miles to the north. They travelled for two weeks, stopping here and there, and finally reached a very rough and broken part of the mountains. Chief Unintah, in talking with Juan one day, pointed to a dark spot on a mountain in the distance and said: "If you ever visit 'fire hole' it will be at the peril of your life. It is sacred to the Great Spirit."

A month later a party of braves, returning from a hunting trip, caught sight of Juan just as he emerged from the mouth of the "fire hole." He was carrying a piece of bark heaped with the dreaded "fire stone." They saw him climb the cliffs, and carefully conceal his load beneath a projecting shelf of rock. When he again entered the cave, they examined the hiding place and found hundreds of chunks of the glittering metal covered with loose earth and tufts of grass.

They reported their discovery to Chief Unintah, who decided that the pale face should suffer death for his disobedience. Next day, shortly after Juan had left the camp, a number of youths and braves went to the cave and rolled huge stones into its entrance, burying, as they thought, the false stranger.

II.

During the fall of 1866 I was placer mining on the little Powder River in northern Wyoming. I had about given up work for the season on account of the cold weather, which had set in earlier than usual, and commenced to take up the ground sluices. I was engaged in the latter work when a storm drove me to my dug-out. In a few minutes I had a rousing fire and sat down to read a two-months' old paper and enjoy a smoke. I had just begun to read the advertising columns for about the fifth time, when a shadow flitted across the window, and a moment later some one knocked. On opening the door I saw a Mexican. He had a haggard and worn-out look, and was poorly clad. I took him in and made him as comfortable as possible; but instead of improving, he sank lower.

Even to my inexperienced eye it was plain that he had mountain fever. He required my constant attention for three weeks before he began to mend. He was delirious the greater part of the time, and as I knew only a few words of Spanish, I could not catch what he said. Two words, though, he repeated continually, and they always threw him into a sort of frenzy. They were, "El Oro," "El Oro!" "Dos Pinos," "Dos Pinos!"

When the fever left him it was not long before he was able to walk about the room. We were sitting before the fire one evening, exchanging confidences, when I told him what he had said in his delirium. He then told me the story of his life, and that is how I came to know this tale; how one of the young Crows whose life he had saved warned him of Chief Unitah's plan; how, in his hasty flight, he scratched the location of his Alladin's cave upon the prong of an elk's horn with which he dug the gold. He took the horn tablet from a small canvas bag which he carried inside his buckskin shirt and showed it to me. At the time I thought his story the work of an overwrought imagination.

My larder needed replenishing and winter was near at hand, so I determined to go to Fort McKinney for provisions. I acquainted my guest with my intention, and as he offered no objection, I arranged everything conveniently for him and started on my journey. Just as I got on my horse he gave me a letter to mail. It was to his father, and I noticed the address: "Don Pedro Calvillo, Sonora, Mexico."

It was a trip of seventy miles to Fort McKinney and I made it easily in two days. I

reached the post on Saturday afternoon, laid in my winter stock of provisions, tobacco and books, and was preparing to start next morning when I met some old friends who persuaded me to wait and spend Sunday with them. Bright and early Monday morning I started for home; but my two mules were heavily laden and the return trip took three days. Wednesday evening I sighted my cabin and was surprised to see no smoke curling up from the chimney. I spurred ahead, leaving the mules to follow; but when I pulled up at the door I found all deserted. Not a sign of Juan was to be seen; and though I searched the mountains for many days I could find no trace of him.

Twelve years later, as I was walking down the main street of Cinnabar, I was attracted by a gathering in front of an auctioneer's stand. The auctioneer was selling several cabinets of mineral specimens, which had belonged to a mining broker who was killed the week before. After they were disposed of he offered a number of other curios for sale. Among these was a V-shaped branch of a cottonwood tree containing an elk's prong firmly imbedded in the crotch formed by the two limbs. I casually examined it, and you can imagine my surprise to find that it was the improvised tablet shown me by my winter visitant of a dozen years before. How it got there is a mystery that will never be explained. Probably Juan had left my cabin on a hunting expedition, or perhaps, in a fit of fever, had been treed by wolves and had died of exposure and fright. Perhaps, too, he had attempted to descend and placed the prong in the crotch for safety, intending to return for it some other time. I immediately wrote to his father, whose address I had seen twelve years previous. I received a reply in about a month. Señor Colvillo would send two agents to Cinnabar; and, as I was so well acquainted with the country, they were empowered to offer me a share of the profits for my services as guide. They came, and we set out together. The three of us spent an entire summer in searching for the "Dos Pinos" mine, so named from the description we had of its location, and from Juan's babbling when he had the fever. It was on the side of a high peak, the summit of which was surmounted by two lone pines. We were unable to locate the deposit, so I gave up the search, and the Mexicans returned home. Early in the next spring the camp was electrified one day, by the report of the discovery of the "Dos Pinos" mine. A mule-driver brought the

news to town. He had sold one of the discoverers three mules and had driven them to Livingston laden with the richest gold ore that he had ever seen. Several of us, with the mule-driver in command, set out at once for the mine.

The shaft was covered with logs and heaped-up stones. We removed these, and the first thing that met our eyes was the lifeless form of a partly dressed man. Lying near the body was a blood-stained hammer that told the story. We raised the body to the surface and carried it to the cabin near by, where we found everything in confusion. The partners had probably quarrelled over the division of the gold with the result that one got both shares.

The dead man's coat was lying on the bunk. One of the men picked it up and found in one of the pockets the letter which I had written to Juan's father nearly a year before. The Mexicans had obtained it in some strange manner, and had palmed themselves off on me as the authorized agents of Señor Calvillo.

We buried the unfortunate man at the foot of the mountain, and marked his grave with a heap of stones. When I told the others the sad story of Juan's life, they all agreed to send half of the output of the mine to Juan's two sisters. It was not a regular vein, but a sort of pocket; but even with half the gold going to Mexico each of us realized a very tidy fortune before the pocket was exhausted.

Trifles Light as Air.

TRUE TO OUR COLORS.

I told her one day what our colors were,
And I asked her if she knew
What they meant; and she said, with the shyest air:
"Your hearts are of gold—and true blue."

D. V. C.

CALIFORNIA.

Where Nature revels in her vine-clad bowers,
While myriad-winged songsters chant her praise,
Amidst the odor of sweet-scented flowers,
Where blissful Peace doth spend her happy days;

Where parting Day-king darts his latest ray
And gilds the far horizon of the West
Till neath his magic touch the ample bay
Doth heave in waves of gold that never rest;

Where snow-capped mountains grandly tower on high,
And whisper peace to deep cerulean seas,
Where valleys stretch enchanting to the eye,
Mantled in green, dotted with giant trees,—

There lies a land—a land revered in song;
No single tongue doth praise her loveliness:
To every nation doth her fame belong;
A thousand muses do her beauty bless.

I thought the pictured charms of old
Mere painters' dreams—untrue;
But let the simple truth be told:
California, they're possessed by you.

J. M.

AT FOUR A. M.

"O say, can you see by the dawn's early light?"
Sings a tenor and gets into trouble,
The rounder who hears him has been out all night,
And at present sees everything double.

Du B.

VERY UNKIND.

"I am sending you flowers by the same mail as this,"
Wrote the Miss whom I hope to make Mrs.
And they came, but to sorrow was changed all my bliss—
Ev'ry flower she sent was a narcissus.

DE V."

COLLEGE YELLS.

With malediction without restriction
I often speak of those college yells,
Whose tones so grating are less elating
Than certain stories that Dante tells.
The rabid demons, with delirium tremens,
Would start to hearken to such devilish sounds;
They disgust old Satan when in the matin
He makes as usual his morning rounds.

There's a haunted mansion near the expansion
Of the lonely waters of Lake St. Joe,
Where sprites uncanny through midnights many
Break peaceful slumbers with groans of woe;
But their moanings fearful are much more cheerful
And not so tearful, at least to me,
As this college Babel that would disable
The dusky natives of wild Fiji.

M. N.

HOW HABIT STICKS.

"The Editor's Staff should be a club,"
I heard a party joke;
But I said they couldn't, and here's the rub—
The Editor's staff is "broke."

E. C.

AT HALF-PAST THREE.

'Tis a dainty little missive,
And the tinted envelope,
As I look at it, awakens
In my heart a hope,
Half deferred, but as delightful
As its perfume delicate.
Then the crest unique I notice
And the postmark and the date.

Hope grows bolder, cries: "A message
From the maiden you love best;
'Tis from Marguerite, and she has
In it all her love confessed."
Then I mark the superscription,
Tenderly I scan each line,
Fancy the fair hand that traced it,
Wonder if it's really mine.

With a lover's fond foreboding
Question what it will reveal,
And if all its charms will vanish
When I break the pretty seal?
But my heart cries: "No, this letter
Will your darling's heart betray!"
What is this?—'Tis from my tailor:
"Last year's bill, sir, please to pay!"

F. A. D.

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M. P. MCFADDEN, '93.

—Those who are desirous of obtaining honors and premiums in their classes should make earnest preparation for the final competitions, known as the "Triples," which will be held three weeks from now. The marks obtained in these examinations will be multiplied by three and added to the percentages of the previous competitions for a general average.

—A word in regard to uniforms. Several of the football suits have not been turned in as yet. It is to be hoped that this negligence will be remedied at the earliest opportunity. If a drain is to be put on the Athletic Association to buy uniforms again next fall there will not be much money to go toward football games. If anyone knows where these suits are, he would confer a favor by reporting their whereabouts to the Executive Committee. Furthermore, it is to the interest of each one to see that the suits are not lost, mislaid or—waylaid.

There has been a great deal of carelessness manifested in the use of baseball uniforms. These cannot be kept in good condition by throwing them in corners as has been done pretty generally by members of the first nines. They should be hung up after use and properly cared for.

Popular Literature.

IF there is a craze that is peculiar to this last decade of the century, it is the insane desire that seems to possess so many—and especially multi-millionaires and spinsters of uncertain age—of getting their names into print, of writing and publishing a book. We were never able to appreciate the far-seeing wisdom of Thackeray's Mr. Lett, or whoever it was that invented diaries, until we tried to wade through two or three of the "novels" popular to-day. If Mr. Lett had been a prophet he might have, in all seriousness, adapted Louis XIV's famous *Après moi, le deluge*. But he was not a seer; he was only a publisher and a benefactor of mankind. His little morocco-bound books provided an easy way in which ingenuous misses, of thirty or thereabouts, might pour out every day, in fourteen lines, the pent-up yearnings, the hidden workings of their troubled little hearts.

But now how different! The nieces of Mr. Lett's patrons do not write journals in dainty gold-edged books. They take a silly woman and two foolish men, all "drawn from life," and all without faith or morality, and make them talk flippantly of sacred things and act, generally, in a way that would, in real life, land them very quickly in the nearest police station. And the pity of it is that these are the books that the masses buy and read. Why it is so would be hard to say, if men did not naturally take the downward course, and the booksellers were not such capital devil's agents. Only the other day I saw in a Chicago paper a book-list sandwiched in between two advertisements headed "Dress Goods" and "Groceries." Thackeray, Dickens and Irving were listed at thirty-three cents a volume; and just below, in bold-faced type, "The Yellow Aster," "A Superfluous Woman," and "Dodo" "all three for a quarter!" and yet we wonder at the popularity of "Dodo" and the rest.

Not that "Dodo" will do very much harm. Mr. Benson's characters talk too cleverly and "gush" too little to find favor with a generation reared on stuff of the sort manufactured by "The Duchess" and Mrs. Southworth. But the two others are silly and unreal enough to run through twenty editions. Scarcely better are "The Heavenly Twins" and "Ships that Pass in the Night," both worthy of some of the American imitators of the French naturalistic school.

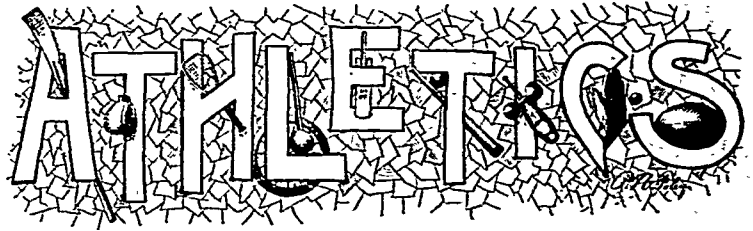
We are wont to consider the novel a reflection of life; not exactly a photograph, but a print from a negative retouched by a master hand. If these five novels are true pictures of the society they profess to mirror, then England is sadly in need of a social revolution. The Gallic *motif* runs through all of them, and four of the five were written by women—not trained novelists upon whom we feel that we can depend for the truth; but women of unlimited leisure and riotous imaginations, who mistake their morbid fancies for the realities of life. They are Don Quixotes in petticoats, charging upon windmills, and dragging with them a good-natured Sancho—the silly public. Their books are bad from every point of view, in theme, in treatment and in the lessons they attempt to teach.

And is there no remedy for this state of affairs? Mr. Walter Besant and his Society of Authors have done much for the material prosperity of English writers; why not take this matter in hand and try to restore a healthy tone to literature? A doctor, a lawyer, or even a common country school-master must have a license from the State before he can practise his profession; yet anyone who has money enough to pay for the plates and the printing can teach and advise and prescribe for a million people. If a lawyer be suspected of dishonorable practices, his associates at the bar may suspend him; if a physician or a teacher go wrong, the State steps in and revokes his license; but a literary man is answerable only to God, and too often he abuses his privilege.

Why is the novelist allowed a liberty accorded neither to the poet, the painter, nor the playwright? His book may be full of nastiness; he has only to plead a moral purpose, and all is forgiven him. His personal character may be of the worst, his sole aim the making of money; but if he can talk glibly about the betterment of the human race, his book will be praised by those who should denounce it, and the sales will run into the hundred thousands.

There is only one way to meet this question: the publisher who puts on the market a bad book ought to be treated like a butcher who sells tainted meat; the paper which reviews it favorably should be boycotted; the man who writes it deserves only condemnation, even though his own life be irreproachable, for "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and it is by the work which he does that a man is to be judged.

D. V. C.



It was due more to good fortune and to the magnificent pitching of Stack rather than to any extraordinary efforts made by the other members of the team that we won from Albion last Saturday. The Varsity nine were the superiors of the men from Michigan in all respects save one—the latter could sign diplomas for Notre Dame in a course of coaching. Such clownish exhibitions as our men gave caused even the smallest Minim grief. That we have not learned to quietly encourage our base-runners and give them sensible instructions in the "start off" clearly points to defective training. The three double plays should induce Captain Flannigan to devote attention to sensible coaching. The folly of attempting to rattle opponents by yelling at them and carrying on a circus side-show in coaches' lines was made plain in the first inning of Saturday's game; but notwithstanding the fact that everyone present was disgusted at the antics of our men, the reproduction of Midway was continued for nine innings. We venture the suggestion that the Athletic Association purchase motley and bells for those who have a talent for minstrelsy and are chosen to coach.

Where in all the regulations of baseball is it permitted to have six coaches shouting at the same time? And are the remaining three players with the substitutes free to address from the bench their opponents in the field? Let any one but a member of the Varsity nine answer. If the umpires had the back-bone to order from the field those who refused to retire from the coaches' line when commanded there would be less nonsense of this kind.

The stolen bases placed to our credit by no means indicate any skill on our part but rather slow playing by Albion. We are still conservatives on the bags, and a first class team would have us at its mercy. Very few chances were offered to the field; Stack did most of the playing. McCarrick at third was not in the game once. He fumbled and muffed as though he had no idea of what ball-playing meant. It was due to his errors that Albion scored. He seems to lose his head in a game with out-

siders. On one occasion in Saturday's game he allowed a ball to pass him two feet away, thinking that Chassaing would take it. He is a good player if he can only remain level-headed.

As predicted, all the boat crews are not chosen as yet; no: and they are not likely to be for some time.

Communication.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

Notre Dame has always been so famed for her courtesy to visitors that we have come to look upon as serious even the slightest breach of etiquette due them. I noticed in last Saturday's game that our boys were forgetful of their obligations as gentlemen to the Albions. In the first place, the visiting club were not allowed a free field for practice, nor were they given the regulation time to "limber up." As soon as Notre Dame came upon the field Albion was ordered off. Was this courtesy? Again, the remarks directed towards the visitors were at times really insulting. The behavior of the gentlemen from Albion was in quiet contrast to the conduct of the members of our team. At no time during the game were they boisterous or unruly, whilst our men were constantly finding fault. It is to be hoped that the next club that comes here to play will be better treated.

A LOVER OF MANLY SPORT.

Resolutions of Condolence.

EDWARD J. DILLON.

WHEREAS, God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to deprive Messrs. Frank and Arthur Dillon, our fellow-students, of a loved brother; and

WHEREAS, We deeply sympathize with them in their sorrowful affliction; Be it, therefore,

RESOLVED, That we, the students of Brownson Hall, do tender them and their bereaved family our most heartfelt condolence; and be it, moreover,

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to them.

H. E. O'NEILL,	R. G. O'MALLEY,
J. S. GORDON,	J. F. KENNEDY,
J. H. CRANE,	J. M. NEY,—Committee.

JOHN BRENNAN.

WHEREAS, God, in His goodness and wisdom, has seen fit to deprive us of one who was endeared to us by past associations, and by his many manly qualities, and

WHEREAS, We deeply lament the loss of a beloved companion, and deplore the ending of a promising career; Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we extend our deep sympathy to his bereaved family and friends, whose sense of loss must indeed be greater and keener than our own; be it

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the sorrowing parents and friends of the deceased.

EDWARD JEWETT,	N. DINKLE,
J. M. FLANNIGAN,	C. C. FITZGERALD,
J. S. CULLEN,	D. V. CASEY,—Committee.

Personals.

—Ralph Dennis (student), '90, visited the University on Sunday last. He is a traveling agent for a firm in Zanesville, Ohio.

—Harry Jewett (B. S.), '90, paid a flying visit to *Alma Mater* on Tuesday last. Our Hal is as hale as in the days of auld lang syne.

—William Jeannot (student), '83, accompanied by Mrs. Jeannot, of Tomahawk, Wisconsin, spent several enjoyable days here during the week.

—The Rev. Father Robert, C. P., whom many of the boys may remember as the preacher of the retreat, several years ago, accompanied by the Rev. Father Bonaventure, C. P., were guests of the University on last Thursday.

—The brother of our genial Prefect, Bro. Hilarion, C. S. C., was a visitor to Notre Dame a few days ago. He is manager of the McWilliams Brothers' Transportation Company in New York city. We hope he will call again.

—News reached us during the week of the death of two Notre Dame boys: John Brennan (student), '90, died at his home in St. Paul, Minn., and Edward J. Dillon (Com'l and gold medalist), '87, passed away in Dubuque, Iowa. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to their bereaved friends. May they rest in peace.

—N. J. Comerford (Com'l), '83, in renewing his subscription for the SCHOLASTIC, states that he recently returned to his home after an extended wedding tour through California and the "Great West." The meeting of Notre Dame schoolmates at many places contributed much to heighten the enjoyment of his travels through that delightful country. Mr. Comerford was married to Miss Anna F. Kaffer, at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Minooka, Ill., their home, Jan. 31. The groom is well and favorably remembered by the Faculty of Notre Dame, who join the SCHOLASTIC in wishing him and his fair bride many happy days.

Local Items.

—Training for Field-day has commenced.

—Commencement exercises will be held June 21.

—LOST—A large sheath key. Finder please return to B. Albius.

—Thursday afternoon's "rec" saw the usual games on the campus.

—The sketching class is making a tour of the neighboring country.

—The list of Field-day prizes for Carroll Hall is rapidly increasing.

—Private Lansdowne is the latest successful contestant for the Co. "B" medal.

—The Bulletins for March and April were read in the different Halls on Sunday.

—St. Joseph's Hall would like to cross bats with the First Anti-Specials of Brownson Hall.

—The "Worn-out Gladiators" of Carroll Hall have arranged a game with the "Tired Athletes" which will soon take place.

—The carpenters and electricians are busy putting in new electric wires in Washington Hall. Electric footlights will be provided.

—Mr. Richard Delaney has left the University for Chicago, from which place he will go to Boston. Mr. Delaney will be sadly missed.

—The boat crews will soon get into proper shape, and then training will begin in earnest. It is proposed to have a race on Decoration Day.

—The last competitions before the Triples are finished. The latter will be held about the 10th of June. Brace up, boys, and get good marks.

—The Lambs were the happy recipients of beautiful and fragrant *boutonnieres* last Thursday from the Rosebuds. They return many thanks for the same.

—A kind friend in California generously sent us a box of excellent seedless oranges grown in the American Italy. We return him our sincerest thanks for his thoughtful gift; and assure him that until they had disappeared quite, our sanctum was more Arcadian than sanctums usually are.

—Messrs. A. and F. Dillon were called home last Sunday evening owing to the death of their brother, in Dubuque Ia. Their many friends here extend heartfelt sympathy.

—Tommy took a plunge the other day in the lake. The displacement of the water as he sank beneath its billowy folds would defy solution. He says he aspired to be the first one in. That's pretty good!

—We came across a professional "grumbler" the other day. His suffering friends had made him miserable (under a faucet) and it was his cries that brought him to our notice. Obituary hereafter.

—A game of ball was played on the 6th inst., between the second nine of Brownson Hall and St. Joseph's Hall Specials. The latter won by a score of 5 to 1, the game being called at the end of the 7th inning.

—Mr. David J. Wile kindly sent a large number of choice flowers and plants to be used in decorating the graves of Very Rev. Fathers Sorin, Granger and Walsh. Mr. Wile never lets an occasion pass to testify his love for Notre Dame and his many friends here.

—The much-delayed and long-expected "Silver" debate will take place Sunday evening in the Law room at Sorin Hall. The disputants are Messrs. B. Bates and D. Murphy for the affirmative, and Messrs. J. Fitzgerald and E. Du Brul for the negative. The discussion of this much-mooted question will be interesting, as the contestants have spent careful preparation on their speeches.

—Saturday, May 5, was the date fixed for the second game of the Minim—"Dying Gladiators" series; but the Varsity begged that it be postponed in order that their game with Albion might have spectators, and the two teams reluctantly consented. So that it was not till the 6th inst., at three o'clock, that a brand new umpire shouted "Play ball!" and the most exciting contest of the season was begun. The "Gladiators" were anxious to retrieve the defeat of the Thursday before, and the Minims just as eager to hang nine fresh scalps to their belts, and add another ball to their already large collection. Nine full innings were played, and when the supper bell rang out across the campus, the score was 28 to 28 in favor of the Minims. So many phenomenal plays were made that no one but an expert stenographer could have caught them all. As usual, the Minims played an almost errorless game; but the real features of the day were the fielding of the "Gladiators" short stop and left fielder, and the base running of the "Gladiator" who held down first. This latter gentleman struck out four times, but managed to always reach first in safety. The coaching, too, of the "Gladiators" umpire deserves special mention.

NOTRE DAME VS. ALBION.

The second game of the season was played last Saturday afternoon with the Albion team. The rain poured down in torrents during the morning and up to three in the afternoon making the prospects of a game indeed very poor. About 3.30 the clouds cleared away and the sun peeped out of his hiding-place, only to find that the ball-field was flooded, rendering play upon it impossible. However, through the prodigious efforts of Bro. Hugh, the Carroll Field was put in proper shape and it was decided to play.

The game was called at 4.30 with the Albions at the bat. Before the Varsity men could find their bearings two of the Michigan men had crossed the home plate, and all due to rank errors. One of the runs was obtained through McCarrick's muff at 3d, the other due to a wild pitch by Stack. The Albions should have been shut out, and proper play especially of the infield would have done the work. The infield went entirely to pieces, and such miserable work has never been seen in practice games as they exhibited in critical moments of last Saturday's game.

In Stack's pitching there has been a decided

improvement shown, and at critical moments he displayed good head work and wonderful control of the ball. At two different times, when a base on balls or a hit meant a run, he succeeded in striking out the men in order. Schmidt, at the other end of the battery, did good work. McCarrick, at 3d base, notwithstanding his errors, played a fairly good game. His work at bat deserves special mention. At two different stages of the game, when a hit meant a run, he batted out singles. No words of praise are necessary for our little left-fielder. He is now in his old form both in fielding and with the stick. Chassaing played an errorless game at short-stop and is true to his practice form; but he should endeavor to occupy exclusively the position of short-stop, and then so much would not depend on the 3d baseman. Callahan at right played well, getting everything that came his way. His work at bat was somewhat poorer than usual. The best the Albion men could do was to bat out two singles. After the first inning, Stack warmed up and settled down to work, and for the remaining eight innings the scorer marked down blanks for our opponents.

The base running of our team was very poor, as was evident by the number of men who were caught off the bases. Still we must take into consideration that the ground was exceedingly slippery; yet the Albion boys taught us a thing or two in this line, as they also did in regard to base sliding. There is another thing which should receive some attention; it is the making of insulting personal allusions to the players of the visiting team. This should not be. It casts discredit on our team, and is far from being gentlemanly. The following is the score:

ALBION.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	S. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
Buck, c., - -	3	1	0	0	4	1	0
Mulholland, l. f., - -	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Phelps, s. s., - -	4	1	1	0	0	5	1
White, 3d b. - -	3	0	0	0	3	1	2
Fox, r. f., - -	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Narrim, 1st b., - -	3	0	0	0	8	1	0
Schultz, l. f., - -	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Jacobs, Charles 2d b.,	3	0	0	0	5	5	2
Jacobs, Carl p., - -	3	0	0	0	2	2	0

TOTALS - - - 31 2 2 0 24* 15 5

NOTRE DAME.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	S. H.	P. O.	A.	E.
O'Neill, l. f.,	3	0	2	0	0	0	0
Chassaing, s. s.,	3	0	0	0	3	1	0
Callahan, r. f.,	3	0	0	1	2	0	0
Flannigan, 1st b.,	3	0	0	0	6	0	1
McKee, c. f.,	3	2	0	0	1	0	0
McCarrick, 3 b.,	4	1	3	0	3	1	3
Burns, 2 b.,	3	0	1	0	2	2	2
Stack, p.,	2	0	1	0	0	0	0
Schmidt, c.,	4	0	0	0	10	3	0

TOTALS - - - 28 3 7 1 27 7 6

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

ALBION:—2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=2

NOTRE DAME:—0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 =3

SUMMARY.

Stolen bases: Mulholland, Narrim, Callahan, McKee, 2; McCarrick, 2; Burns, 2; Stack. *Double plays:* Chas.

Jacobs, Phelps to White, to Chas. Jacobs, Chas. Jacobs to Narrim to Buck. *Base on balls:* Off Jacobs, 4; Stack, 4. *Struck out:* by Jacobs, 2; Stack, 10; *Hit by pitched ball:* Stack, Chas. Jacobs. Carl. Jacobs, Buck. *Passed balls:* Buck, Schmidt, 2. *Wild pitch:* Stack. *Umpires:* Kivlan and Burnam. Time, 1 hour 30 minutes. Official Scorer, P. N. Foley.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Carney, Correll, Crawley, Corry, DuBrul, Devanney, Dempsey, Dinkel, Evanson, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Funke, Flannery, Flannagan, Hudson, Hervey, Kuhnert, Kearney, J. McKee, F. McKee, C. Mitchell, H. Mitchell, McCarrick, McFadden, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Thorne, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Barton, Blanchard, Brennan, Burns, Bennett, Baldwin, Browne, Culinan, Crane, Cooke, Chassaing, Cuneo, Conway, Cochrane, Duffield, Edwards, Fagan, Foley, A. Flynn, Feeney, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, N. Gibson, A. Gibson, Groff, Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennessy, Harris, Hennebry, Hesse, Hodge, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Kortas, Ludwig, Loser, Moore, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Markum, Manchester, Montague, McCord, Ney, Oliver, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Perkins, Rope r, Ruppe, Rumely, Ryan, J. J. Reilly, Roby, Smith, Spalding, Slevin Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Streicher, Tong, Turner, Tinnin, Welty Weaver, Wilkin, White, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Benson, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Chase, Carney, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Druecker, Dilger, Dixon, Davezac, Davis, Foley, Fennessy, Fox, Farley, Forbing, Fleming, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hurley, Howell, Hutchinson, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Harding H. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Klees, Lanagan, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, J. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, McCord, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, Neilson, J. O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Brien, Ortiz, Pendleton, Pim, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reber, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Stearns, Sparks, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Tinnen, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, J. Treber, Tuohy, W. Treber, Wilcox, Wensinger, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Burns, Bullene, Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Corry, Curry, Cassady, Cressy, F. Campau, D. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, G. Dugas, Durand, E. Dugas, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Green, Ral Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lawton, McGinley, McPhee, McElroy, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, W. Pollitz, Peck, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, Shipp, Steele, W. Scherrer, Simm, Schneider, Swan, Shillington, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Terhunc, Thomas, Wagner, York.